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ward the Third and the Black Prince, and that the artist's likeness had therefore a right to a place amongst those of the nobles and warriors in his historical picture."

WEST'S BIRTH.

Galt says Benjamin's birth was brought on prematurely by a vehement sermon, preached in the fields by Edward Peckover, on the corrupt state of the Old World, which he prophesied was about to be visited with the tempest of God's judgments, the wicked to be swallowed up, and the terrified remnant compelled to seek refuge in America. Mrs. West was so affected that she swooned away, was carried home severely ill, and the pains of labor came upon her; she was, however, safely delivered, and the preacher consoled the parents by predicting that "a child sent into the world under such remarkable circumstances, would assuredly prove a wonderful man," and admonished them to watch over their son with more than ordinary care.

HIS FIRST REMARKABLE FEAT.

The first remarkable incident recorded of the infant prodigy occurred in his seventh year; when, being placed to watch the sleeping infant of his eldest sister, he drew a sort of likeness of the child, with a pen in red and black ink. His mother returned, and snatching the paper which he sought to conceal, exclaimed to her daughter, "I declare, he has made a likeness of little Sally!" She took him in her arms and kissed him fondly. This feat appeared so wonderful in the eyes of his parents that they recalled to mind the prediction of Peckover.

LITTLE BENJAMIN AND THE INDIANS.

When he was about eight years old, a party of Indians, who were always kindly treated by the followers of George Fox, paid their summer visit to Springfield, and struck with the rude sketches which the boy had made of birds, fruit and flowers, they taught him to prepare the red and yellow colors with which they stained their weapons and ornamented their skins; his mother added indigo, and thus he was possessed of three primary colors. The Indians also instructed him in archery.

HIS CAT'S TAIL PENCILS.

The wants of the child increased with his knowledge; he could draw, and had colors, but how to lay them on skilfully he could not conceive; a pen would not answer, and he tried feathers with no better success; a neighbor informed him that it was done with a camel's hair pencil, but as such a thing was not to be had, he bethought himself of the cat, and supplied himself from her back and tail. The cat was a favorite, and the altered condition of her fur was attributed to disease, till the boy's confession explained the cause, much to the amusement of his parents and friends. His cat's tail pencils enabled him to make more satisfactory efforts than he had before done.

WEST'S FIRST PICTURE.

When he was only eight years old, a merchant of Philadelphia, named Pennington, and a cousin of the Wests, was so much pleased with the sketches of little Benjamin, that he sent him a box of paints and pencils, with canvas prepared for the easel, and six engravings by Gribelin. The child was perfectly enraptured with his treasure; he carried the box about in his arms, and took it to his bedside, but could not sleep.

He rose with the dawn, carried his canvas and colors to the garret, hung up the engravings, prepared a palette, and commenced work. So completely was he under this species of enchantment, that he absented himself from school, labored secretly and incessantly, and without interruption, for several days, when the anxious inquiries of his schoolmaster introduced his mother into his studio with no pleasure in her looks. He avoided copyism, and made a picture, composed from two of the engravings, telling a new story, and colored with a skill and effect which, to her eyes, appeared wonderful. Galt, who wrote West's life, and had the story from the artist's own lips, says, "She kissed him with transports of affection, and assured him that she would not only intercede with his father to pardon him from having absented himself from school, but would go herself to the master, and beg that he might not be punished." Sixty-seven years afterwards the writer of these memoirs had the gratification to see this piece, in the same room with the sublime painting of Christ Rejected (West's brother had sent it to him from Springfield), on which occasion the painter declared to him that there were inventive touches of art in his first and juvenile essay, which, with all his subsequent knowledge and experience, he had not been able to surpass. A similar story is told of Canova, who visited his native place towards the close of his brilliant career, and looking earnestly at his youthful performances, sorrowfully said, "I have been walking, but not climbing."

WEST'S FIRST VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA.

In the ninth year of his age, he accompanied his relative Pennington to Philadelphia, and executed a view of the banks of the river, which so much pleased a painter named Williams, that he took him to his studio, and showed him all his pictures, at the sight of which he was so affected that he burst into tears. The artist, surprised, declared, like Peckover, that Benjamin would be a remarkable man; he gave him two books, Du Fremoy and Richardson on Painting, and invited him to call whenever he pleased to see his pictures. From this time, Benjamin resolved to become a painter, and returned home with the love of painting too firmly planted to be eradicated. His parents, also, though the art was not approved by the Friends, now openly encouraged him, being strongly impressed with the opinion that he was predestinated to become a great artist:

WEST'S AMBITION.

His notions of a painter at this time were also very grand, as the following characteristic anecdote will show. One of his school-fellows allured him, on a half-holiday from school, to take a ride with him to a neighboring plantation. "Here is the horse, bridled and saddled," said the boy, "so come, get up behind me." "Behind you!" said Benjamin; "I will ride behind nobody." "Oh, very well," replied the other; "I will ride behind you, so mount." He mounted, accordingly, and away they rode. "This is the last ride I shall have for some time," said his companion; "to-morrow I am to be apprenticed to a tailor."

"A tailor!" exclaimed West; "you will surely never be a tailor?" "Indeed, but I shall," replied the other; "it is a good trade. What do you intend to be, Benjamin?" "A painter." "A painter! what sort of a trade

is a painter? I never heard of it before." "A painter," said West, "is the companion of kings and emperors." "You are surely mad," said the embryo tailor; "there are neither kings nor emperors in America." "Aye, but there are plenty in other parts of the world. And do you really intend to be a tailor?" "Indeed, I do; there is nothing surer." "Then you may ride alone," said the future companion of kings and emperors, leaping down; "I will not ride with one who is willing to be a tailor."

WEST'S FIRST PATRONS.

West's first patron was Mr. Wayne, the father of General Anthony Wayne, who gave him a dollar a piece for two small pictures he made on poplar boards, which a carpenter had given him.

"MARK TWAIN" ON WOMAN.

At a banquet of the Newspaper Correspondents' Club, given at Washington a short time since, "Mark Twain," the humorous lecturer, responded as follows to a sentiment to woman:

MR. PRESIDENT: I do not know why I should have been singled out to receive the greatest distinction of the evening—for so the office of replying to the toast to woman has been regarded in every age. [Applause.] I do not know why I have received this distinction unless it be that I am a trifle less homely than the other members of the club. But be this as it may, Mr. President, I am proud of the position, and you could not have chosen any one who would have accepted it more gladly, or labored with a heartier good will to do the subject justice than I. Because, sir, I love the sex. [Laughter.] I love all the women, sir, irrespective of age, or color. [Laughter.]

Human intelligence cannot estimate what we owe to woman, sir. She sews on our buttons, [laughter,] she mends our clothes, [laughter,] she ropes us in at the church fairs—she confides in us; she tells us whatever she can find out about the little private affairs of the neighbors—she gives us good advice—and plenty of it—she gives us a piece of her mind, sometimes—and sometimes all of it—she soothes our aching brows—she bears our children—ours as a general thing. In all the relations of life, sir, it is but just and a graceful tribute to woman to say of her that she is a brick. [Great laughter.]

Wheresoever you place woman, sir—in whatsoever position or estate—she is an ornament to that place she occupies, and a treasure to the world. [Here Mr. Twain paused, looked inquiringly at his hearers and remarked that the applause should come in at this point. It came in. Mr. Twain resumed his eulogy.] Look at the noble names of history! Look at Cleopatra!—look at Desdemona!—look at Florence Nightingale!—look at Joan of Arc!—look at Lucretia Borgia! [Disapprobation expressed.] "Well," said Mr. Twain, scratching his head doubtfully, "suppose we let Lucretia Borgia slide." [Look at Joyce Heth!—look at Mother Eve!—[Cries of "Oh!" "Oh!"] You need not look at her unless you wish to, but [said Mr. Twain reflectively, after a pause,] Eve was ornamental, sir—particularly before the fashions changed.

I repeat, sir, look at the illustrious names of history! Look at the Widow Macree! look at Lucy Stone!—look at Elizabeth Cady Stanton!—look at George Francis Train!

[Great laughter.] And, sir, I say it, with bowed head and deepest veneration, look at the Mother of Washington!—she raised a boy that could not lie—could not lie—[applause.] But he never had a chance. [Oh!] Oh! It might have been different with him if he had belonged to a newspaper correspondent's club. [Laughter, groans, hisses, cries of "put him out." Mark looked around complacently upon his excited audience and resumed.]

I repeat, sir, in whatsoever position you place a woman she is an ornament to society, and a treasure to the world. As a sweetheart she has few equals and no superiors—[laughter,] as a cousin she is convenient; as a wealthy grandmother, with an incurable temper, she is precious; as a wet nurse she has no equal among men! [Laughter.]

What, sir, would the people of the earth be without woman? * * * * They would be scarce, sir—almighty scarce! Then let us cherish her, let us protect her, let us give her our support, our encouragement, our sympathy, ourselves, if we get a chance. [Laughter.]

But jesting aside, Mr. President, woman is lovable, gracious, kind of heart, beautiful—worthy of all respect, of all esteem, of all deference. Not any here will refuse to drink her health right cordially in this bumper of wine, for each and every one has personally known, and loved, and honored, the very best one of them all—his own mother. [Applause.]

NOTES OF A SINGING LESSON.

BY AN AMATEUR.

Here beginneth chapter the first of a series, To be followed by manifold notes and queries; So novel the queries, so trying the notes, That I think I must have the queerest of throats.

And most notable dulness, or else long ago The Signor had given up teaching, I trow. (I wonder if ever before he has taught A pupil who can't do a thing as she ought !)

The voice has machinery (now to be serious), Invisible, delicate, strange and mysterious. A wonderful organ-pipe first we trace, Which is small in a tenor and wide in a bass; Below an Eolian harp is provided, Through whose fairy-like fibres the air will be guided;

Above is an orifice larger or small, As the singer desires to rise or to fall; Expand and depress it to deepen your roar, But raise and contract it when high you would soar.

Alas for the player, the pipes, and keys, If the pipes give out an inadequate breeze! So this is the method of getting up steam, The one motive power for song or for scream. Slowly, and deeply, and just like a sigh, Fill the whole chest with a mighty supply, Through the mouth only, and not through the nose;

And the lungs must condense it ere further it goes.

How to condense it I really don't know, And very much hope the next lesson will show.)

Then, forced from each side, through the larynx it comes, And reaches the region of molars and gums;

And half of the sound will be ruined or lost If by any impediment here it is crossed. On the soft of the palate beware lest it strike, The effect would be such as your ear would not like;

And arch not the tongue, or the terrified note Will straightway be driven back into your throat.

Look well to your trigger, nor hasten to pull it;

Once hear the report, and you've done with your bullet.

In the feminine voice there are registers three,

Which lower, and middle, and upper must be;

And each has a sounding board all of its own, The chest, lips, and head, to reverberate tone; But in cavities nasal beware lest it ring,

Or no one is likely to wish you to sing. And if on this subject you waver in doubt,

By listening and feeling the truth will come out.

The lips, by-the-bye, will have plenty to do, In forming the vowels Italian and true; Eschewing the English, uncertain and hideous.

With an O and an U that are simply amphibious.

In flexible freedom let both work together, And the under one must not be stiffened like leather.

Here endeth the substance of what I remember,

Indited this twenty-sixth day of November.

FANNY M. HAVERGAL.

MUSIC IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

MISS JENNY BUSK'S CONCERT.—It is perfectly safe to say, that the concert of last evening was one of the most thoroughly sumptuous and delightful festivities of the kind that was ever enjoyed by a Washington audience. Miss Busk, with her transcendent melody, completely carried captive the very large and brilliant assemblage.

Her first sweet warblings in "Cantatore—Russian Nightingale," by Alunoff, sent a fascination and fervor through the entire house; and this was but a prelude to the inspirations which were lavished in every performance throughout the entire entertainment. The "Grand Valse," by Venzano, was one of her most brilliant efforts, and in the midst of the greatest enthusiasm, with multiplied floral tributes falling at her feet, she moved gracefully back upon the scene, a goddess of song that she was, and gave "Do not Mingle," from "Somnambula" with the most entrancing sweetness and beauty. One of the most bewitching things of the occasion was in the encore to the superb effort in "Dort Sind Wir Hier," when she tripped over the stage, gave for her response, "Comin' thro' the Rye," and retreated with a tempest of applause. It was, however, in "Bel Raggio Semiramide," by Rossini, that she came out with the greatest richness and completeness of her wonderful powers, astonishing and captivating not less by the marvellous range of her voice and its ineffable purity and tenderness, than in her marvellous execution, and the encore, in which she sang the entrancing Gipsy song from the "North Star," was scarcely less full of angelic inspiration and beauty.

Mr. Hermanns was never more grand and inspiring with his sublime and consummate powers than in the bass aria from the "Huguenots," and it is needless to say that he

was compelled to an encore, which is an invariable result in all his efforts. Perhaps the greatest feature of the evening, however, was his song, "I'm Tieffer Keller," with his encore of "I'm Afloat," in which latter effort, with his not altogether perfect English, he called into memory, by his amusing melody, the recollection of his unapproachable inspirations in *Mephistopheles*.

The violin, which has ever been regarded as the greatest musical instrument ever invented by man, and the only one which has never been improved, has very seldom seemed more celestial in its powers than it did last night in the hands of M. Poznanski.

His fine genius was most delightfully displayed in the brilliant execution of the *fantasie ballet*, a violin solo, by De Beriot. The rich, mellow tones of his extraordinary instrument, with its aeolian sweetness, were a charm and a delight throughout the evening, and the audience lingered to enjoy its unspeakable melody when at the close of the entertainment he was recalled to the stage.

We will not fail to mention his most exquisite execution of the variations in which he touched his instrument with that old, well-known air, "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," with a sweetness and inspiration that sent a thrill and a fervor all over the house. Nor will we omit to speak a single word of his closing performance of "Willie, We Have Missed You," which was so unspeakably full of tenderness and beauty, that the whole audience, arisen to depart, were held spell-bound by the enchantments of the more than magician's wand.

It will be seen that the company have announced a matinee on Saturday afternoon, when we doubt not they will be greeted by a full and fashionable audience.—[From the *National Intelligencer*.]

Music in Rhode Island.—The American Brass Band Concert at City Hall (Providence) on Tuesday, January 14th, was a decided success, not in numbers merely, although every seat in the body of the house was occupied, and the standing-room as well as the seats in the gallery; but in everything which makes up a replete and artistic concert, this one in particular, under the *impresario* genius of Reeves, was a musical success. Dr. Guilmette was in full, round voice, and his "King Death," "Figaro," and "Duo" were enthusiastically *encored*. In each case the good nature of the Dr., and his inexhaustible musical folio, responded to the unyielding demands of the audience, with great acceptability. Miss Antonia Henne is a charming vocalist. In "A. H. : S'Estino," her evident embarrassment excited a doubt of her vocal qualities, but improving with each note and line, and closing with a musical mastery of the difficulties surrounding the *debut* of a modest and diffident *debutante* in the presence of strangers, she left the stage with the *bravos* and *encore* of her admirers with blushes and tremor, and as before, in a few moments, with a complete mastery, she held the audience in musical rapture. In "Kathleen Mavourneen," she was again *encored*, and in "Dunque io Son," where a greater range of voice was tested, a furious applause and *encore* followed. The Band, as well as the orchestra, were in unquestionably fine tune and harmony, without jar or discord. "Der Weberman's March," the "Amber Witch," and "Test March" were rendered with a smoothness and musical completeness highly creditable